THE VOICE OF TRUTH,

AN

ODE

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

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THE

ODE OF TRUTH.

AN

ODE

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN ODE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE *PRINCE* OF *WALES.*

I.

'TWAS on the Bank of that fair Tide,
Whoſe gentle Waves meand'ring glide
Where *Richmond* lifts her Brow,
Sublimely tow'ring to the Sky,
And views around, with raptur'd Eye,
The beauteous Scenes below:

II.

There, in an humble Bower reclin'd,
Alone, neglected by Mankind,
A lovely Virgin lay:
Her Voice was ſweet, her Brow ſerene,
Mild, yet majeſtic was her Mien,
Her Eyes out-ſhone the Day.

III.

Raiſing at length her languid Head,
Thus, leaning on her Arm, ſhe ſaid----
'O weak, deluded Man!
'Why haſt thou baniſh'd from thy ſide
'A Friend ſincere, a faithful Guide,
'For Harlots looſe and vain?

'IV.

IV.

‘ Have I no Beauties to admire?
‘ No Power to raiſe one fair Deſire,
‘ To warm the Breaſt of Youth?
‘ Look, look upon thoſe Harlots gay,
‘ Who lure thy Heart, thy Soul betray,
‘ Have they the Charms of TRUTH?

V.

‘ That * Minſtrel bland, with Voice ſo ſoft;
‘ Who ſmiles, and fawns, and lies ſo oft,
‘ To ſooth thy vain Conceit:
‘ Hath ſhe, O pity! ſhe the Art
‘ To gain thy Ear, and win thy Heart?
‘ For ſhame, diſcard the Cheat!

* FLATTERY.

VI.

'† Her too, who, bold in borrow'd guiſe,
'With blear Illuſion mocks thine Eyes,
'With Error clouds thy Mind:
'Who right for wrong, and wrong for right,
'Impoſes on thy darken'd Sight - - -
'Poor Ideot, weak and blind!

VII.

'Theſe, theſe, deluded Man, are they
'Who ſteal thee from thy ſelf away,
'And in fair Reaſon's Place
'A Changling leave, abſurd and proud,
'Aſſuming, ignorant, and loud,
'Humanity's Diſgrace.'

VIII.

† FALSHOOD.

VIII.

This ſaid, the Tears began to flow,
Again her Head, declining ſlow,
Sunk on her heaving Breaſt:
When, like a Cherub cloath'd in Light,
The Muſe deſcending, chear'd her Sight,
And thus the Fair addreſs'd.

IX.

O Thou, whom Gods and Angels love!
Sent down in kindneſs from above,
The Steps of Man to guide;
Deem it not ſtrange, celeſtial Maid,
That moſt to Error are betray'd,
By Flattery led, and Pride.

X.

But all have not debas'd their Ear,
Some yet delight thy Voice to hear,
And thy Behests obey.
Permit thine Handmaid, beauteous Queen!
To seek the Royal Seats of *Sheen*,
And lead thy Steps the way;

XI.

There *Britain's Hope*, the Youth ordain'd
To wield the Scepter of Command,
Eager to learn thy lore,
Shall listen to thy sacred Voice,
Till happy Nations shall rejoice,
Blest by his Sov'reign Power.

XII.

Charm'd with her Words, the lovely Maid
Aroſe from Earth; her Eyes diſplay'd
A Beam of kindling Joy:
With graceful Steps ſublime they move,
And ſoon to *Shene*'s umbrageous Grove
The heavenly Pair drew nigh.

XIII.

Now, bending to the Royal Youth,
The Muſe preſents the Power of TRUTH:
His Heart with Rapture glow'd,
While all the Goddeſs ſhone confeſs'd,
In Geſtures, Words, or Looks expreſs'd,
As thus her Accents flow'd.

XIV.

'Hail, Son of *Britain!* Heir of Power!
'Whoſe riſing Glories to adore,
'Expecting Nations wait:
'O may no Cloud obſcure thy Ray,
'No Storm deface thy dawning Day,
'No Faction ſhake thy State.

XV.

'Attend my Voice, the Voice of TRUTH,
'Inſpir'd by Heaven, illuſtrious Youth!
'Deep in thy Breaſt to ground
'The fair Deſires, whoſe moral Aim
'Shall point thy Steps to deathleſs Fame,
'Thro' Virtue's Dome renown'd.

XVI.

'Lo! patent to thy view proceeds
'The path which to her Manſion leads,
'Yet arduous is the way;
'Since winding out on every ſide,
'The devious Walks of Paſſion glide,
'And Flattery tempts to ſtray.

XVII.

'Ah, Prince, beware of Flattery's wiles!
'Her placid Mein, her ſoothing Smiles
'Hide Treachery and Deceit:
'Thy Wiſh ſhe'll from thine Eye divine,
'And where thy worſt Deſires incline,
'Will lead thy willing Feet.

XVIII.

‘ But not to Virtue----not to Fame----
‘ Grov'ling and baſe, her ſordid aim
‘ Points to herſelf alone.
‘ Her venal Voice ſelf-intereſt draws,
‘ Regardleſs of her Country's Cauſe,
‘ So zealous for her Own.

XIX.

‘ Then baniſh from the Royal Gate
‘ The crowding Sycophants that wait,
‘ All anxious to preſs in;
‘ Whoſe eager Eyes caſt up, purſue
‘ Thoſe Honours, which the Patriot Few
‘ Alone deſerve to win.

XX.

XX.

'O guard them from the clam'rous Crowd,
'The factious, turbulent, and loud;
'And let the ſilent Claim
'Of Worth and Wiſdom gain thy Grace,
'So ſhall Diſtinction crown each Place,
'Thy Favour ſo be Fame.

XXI.

'Fame, far tranſcending that which ſprings
'From martial Vict'ry's tow'ring wings,
'With Blood and Slaughter ſtain'd:
'Nor have vain Conquerors, who deſtroy'd
'The Rights of Humankind, enjoy'd
'That Power their Madneſs gain'd.

XXII.

'Curſt on Ambition's proudeſt ſeat,
'The proſtrate Nations at his Feet,
'See, *Philip*'s warlike Son!
'Wretched he views the conquer'd Ball,
'And burſting Tears begin to fall,
'That all his Toils are done.

XXIII.

'Another World the reſtleſs Boy,
'Inſatiate, rages to deſtroy,
'To quench his Thirſt of Power:
'A Leſſon he to future Kings,
'That borne on War's triumphant Wings,
'To Bliſs they ne'er can ſoar.

'XXIV.

XXIV.

'Lo! human Carnage is her Food,
'Her Vulture Talons drop with Blood;
'Orphans and Widows cries
'Attend the Progreſs of her Flight,
'Her Triumphs drown, her Laurels blight,
'And damp the Conqueror's Joys.

XXV.

'Yet when her Sword thy *Britain* draws
'For Rights commercial, Freedom, Laws,
'War then is Honour's Call:
'And he who for his Country bleeds,
'A Glory gains from martial Deeds,
'That dignifies his Fall.

XXVI.

XXVI.

‘ But check, ah check, the generous Heat,
‘ Nor let thy youthful Boſom beat
‘ In foreign Fields to roam :
‘ War, Conqueſt, Strife, alas ! how vain ?
‘ Already, circled by the Main,
‘ A World is thine at Home.

XXVII.

‘ There fix thy Glory, there thy Heart,
‘ There cultivate each liberal Art,
‘ On Freedom's fav'rite Shore :
‘ Thy native Land adorn, improve,
‘ So ſhalt thou gain a People's Love - - - -
‘ Can Conqueſt give thee more ?

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

'And let *Britannia*'s Name inſpire
'Thy Boſom with a Lover's fire,
'Her Beauties to defend:
'Thus ſhall her Glory reach the Sky,
'And all the proud Attempts defy
'Of each perfidious Friend.

XXIX.

'Her native Empire on the Main,
'Still with a jealous Eye maintain,
'Againſt encroaching *France:*
'Thine is her matchleſs Naval Power,
'Keep but with Care the precious Dower,
'No Rival dare advance.

XXX.

XXX.

‘ Fair Commerce then ſhall fav’ring ſmile,
‘ And on thy ſafe, thy Sea-girt Iſle
‘ Erect her nobleſt Seat:
‘ Thy NAME ſhall ſail from Clime to Clime,
‘ And BRITAIN to remoteſt Time
‘ Be truly titled GREAT.

FINIS.